

MAY, 1921

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# BREVITIES



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# BROADWAY BREVITIES

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Al. Silberman, Advertising Mgr.

Harry Heheimer, of Counsel

## THE DAPPER FLAPPER

(Dedicated to an idea of Bide Dudley)

By Milt Hagen

(Editor's Note:—When friend Milt can dash off such musical gems as his "After All Those Years," featured by Art Hickman, and as "Kinky," published by Remick, etc., etc., you don't wonder at the brilliant versatility exemplified in the poem following).

A flapper, so flippant, flamboyant and fleet  
Tripped naughtily, haughtily down "The Great Street,"  
Attired in the finest, divinest of modes,  
Personification of Broadway's queer codes,

She looked not to left and she looked not to right,  
But bent her step, lent her step forward with might.  
Tho much like the rest and the best of her type  
That are far, far from "green"—in fact, oft over-ripe.

This flapper so dapper produced great uproar—  
In fact, to speak mildly (not wildly)—furore!  
Pedestrians stopping, eyes popping, aghast  
At the flapper so flippant, flamboyant that passed.

And actors, prize-fighters and writers of "tabs,"  
Trolley-cars, jolly tars in sea-going cabs,  
Peddlers and meddlers with other men's wives,  
News-boys and "booze-boys" from nearby, low dives.

All paused on old Broadway, their roadway of life,  
To look on the spectacle rare, raw and rife!  
Yet, what was there scandalous on which to gaze  
Of this flapper so flip with a flapper's own ways,

So much like the rest and the best of her type  
That are far, far from green—in fact, oft over-ripe?  
Well, to break the news gently and make the shock mild,  
We will whisper the cause of the spectacle wild:

This flapper so flip wore no skirt—(oh, we blush!)  
But, we'll try again, reader, so please won't you hush:  
This maid wore no skirt that was cut like the rest,  
Bespeaking the woman so modishly dressed!

She wore 'em—(oh, horrors!) and here the tale stops—  
*Her dress reached clear down to her shiny shoe-tops!*



### COLETTA RYAN

*whose sensationally beautiful voice and statuesque charms are nightly one of the attractions of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic. Considering her accomplishments there seems to be no height to which this unusually gifted girl may not attain.*

# LOOKING 'EM OVER



## ADD TO NUTTY NAMES

Louise Lovely

\* \* \*

It would take a couple of pages to recount the stories whispered of the strange situation existing between a certain operatic manager and his song-bird partner, no longer young but still vibrant with the joy of life. It long has been an open secret that the pair belong in the "name only" class, but the appearances have always been decorously observed, although each is doubtless fully cognizant of the other's philanderings. Hubby's prepossessions often decoy him into the woody fastnesses of "back-stage" where Rosie and other satellites flit in and out, and in fact proceeds under a general "roving commission." As for little wifey they do tell of a heated infatuation for an old English sea-dog, whose summer quarters at Great Neck have been the scene of many a billing and cooing, and 'tis said that one of the pleasantest sights of the bucolic surf has been my lady of the top notes disporting her fair form in nymph-like abandonment.... A merry world, my masters, a merry world.

\* \* \*

## PRIZE OF 1000 YEN OFFERED

for the first photograph of the "smart set" in their various Palm Beach, Newport or Piping Rock rendezvous, in which the dear things are not posed on camp chairs, with legs crossed, and about three feet of stocking exposed to the battle and the breeze.

\* \* \*

## GOSSIP OF THE SMART (?) SET

"Kittens" went to Huntington for a few days' relaxation with one of her oldest friends, a bottle of rheumatism liniment packed apprehensively in her grip.

\* \* \*

Ring out ye joy-bells! Flutter ye brightsome banners! Let a Day of Thanksgiving be set! Old Billy Free-man has brought to a close his "Personal, but not Confidential" tommyrot.

## A BEE IN AL'S BONNET

Referring to lil Al Siegel, pianist extraordinary, who was rash enough to let the old passon tag sentence on him a month or so ago, the other contracting party being our ole fren' America's Prize Leaper, Bee Palmer. Anyone, in our opinion, who shoves the bubbling Bee in front of a passon is either suffering from homebrew or has just bought a large and juicy accident poliey. If you want corroboration of an indirect kind, send a stamped return envelope to Evan Burrows Fontaine. And don't forget Old "Dad" Harry Weber—"he knows."

\* \* \*

## A MOVIE "APPLICATION"

Some of you, sweet readers, must have seen the Application Blanks they hand you for filling out at the movie studios. Having a pretty good line on the gazelles who infest the studio waiting rooms, here's the way we'd fill out an application:

LINE of Business: Flapper

NAME: Gloria Firefly

ADDRESS: Maybe Plaza next week

PHONE: The Little Club

AGE: 18 my 28th birthday

HEIGHT: ½ past 5

WEIGHT: 100 lbs. after I eat

EYES: If Jack gets sore, black

HAIR: Transformation

SWIM: Like Fairy Soap

DIVE: About 3 a. m.

DRIVE AUTO: Not since Jack's was grabbed for rent

DANCE: Like hell

ROLLER SKATE: Principally roller

WARDROBE: Wortzman's creations, only

EVENING WEAR: Pajamas

PICTURE EXPERIENCE: 2 weeks at Sartory's

STAGE EXP: 5th Avenue bus

SPECIALTIES: Booze, powder, mascara, rouge, Johns and the Kangaroo Twist

SALARY: Regular, unless the Director falls

REMARKS: I feel, with the above, I can fade Nazimova easily

DATE: Always have one

Wasn't it funny how Veronica sidestepped when a friend of "early" days asked her if she remembered an incident way down south in Dixie? This quite unimportant flapper seems to be getting Plaza, too.

\* \* \*

For some months comment has been rife on the doings of a certain juvenile decorating one of the West 42 shows. It is well known that said juvy has a young wife and also a cute youngster attached to his domestic menage, but this does not seem to have hampered his ambition to become a squire of dames, and he takes 'em right and left just like Grant took Richmond. One tall and very charming girl in the cast is said to be quite stricken by his "charms," although she can't very well help knowing that he spends at least a few of his early mornings in the humdrum occupation of pouring Castoria or getting the delicatessen in safely from the fire-escape.

\* \* \*

Those who have seen John Drew recently can readily testify to the truth of the stories that have spread regarding his great physical infirmity and his fast increasing blindness. And none of the thousands who have applauded the distinguished actor at the footlights, and know of his historic career dating back to the spacious times of Augustin Daly, but will feel a bitter shock at the news. It is said the glare of the footlights, over so many years, eventually caused the trouble, now grown tragic. His present habit is to dine several evenings a week (companied by a woman friend) at one of the most select of the many small Italian restaurants dotting the Fifties, and it has been our experience to note his most pitiful weakness and slow, halting movements. The ruins of fame and glory—can any sight be more pathetic?

\* \* \*

Severe bilious attacks are natural concomitants of any mention of the name of Harry Pilcer, so pull yourself together as well as you can while we narrate. It seems "Harry" plans a memorial for "Gaby" in Paris. He's going to build a theatre "in memory of my benefactress."—After this, look up your old files of *Jim Jam Jems* and read attentively that stirring article on Harry and Gaby.

\* \* \*

Why did Mae Wills leave the Adlon Apartments?

Didst know that Martha Mansfield's real name is Martha Ehrlick, the lil lady being of Jewish extraction?

\* \* \*

What is the romantic story of Gertie Vanderbilt's present good fortune? Ting-a-ling!

\* \* \*

Whose palatial house is it, 53 East 51, that the famous foreign singing comedienne occupied during the run of her show on Broadway, and who "backed" all the glittering receptions?

\* \* \*

#### GREAT EXCITEMENT

Old Johnnie Wanamaker prints his ad. without "Au Quatrieme" in it!.... We'll bet that 99½% of readers don't know what this dodgasted phrase means. . . . We know we don't.

\* \* \*

#### KANE, PA.,

in addition to being the birthplace of the sweet child, Janice, has still other glories. For Kane, Pa. contains Dr. Evan O'Neill Kane, who recently startled the surgical world by performing upon himself an operation for appendicitis! It sounds uncanny and incredible. But if you could read the full page devoted to this epoch-making appendectomy, in a late issue of the Phila. *Public Ledger*, you would not only marvel but believe. Propped up on the operating table, with a nurse to draw his head forward and hold it while he worked, the intrepid doctor coolly mapped off the operative section with an iodined applicator, applied cocaine, and then deftly made the incisions. Less than half an hour was occupied, and Dr. Kane insisted on also sewing up the wound. Those who witnessed the proceeding say that at no time was there the faintest expression of suffering on Dr. Kane's countenance!—The days of the old Spartans are not yet dead.

\* \* \*

Is it true that Harry Pilcer will soon return to Broadway to join a show?

\* \* \*

Wasn't that some cartload of roses the old man from Stumpfs got off the 6th Avenue car with to deliver to Olive Tell? Said he to us: "Say, pard, I thought she was in the movies?"

\* \* \*

Who is the chap who used to dine off the grass in the Park who is said to have pulled twenty "grand" out of the old hooch industry?

Would boiling in oil be correct for the N. Y. reporters who spell it "alright"? Also please page "transpire," "gathered together," "most unique," "different to," "different than," etc., etc.

\* \* \*

Who is the "400" celebrity, owning a "horse-shoe" nook at the opera, a palace on Fifth, nine or eleven yachts, and a couple of dozen motor cars, whose *liaison* with a rather faded wren for several years has survived despite wifey's full knowledge?

\* \* \*

Don't you think Jeff Seligman has the endurance of a six-day bicycle rider?

\* \* \*

Is it true that Jimmie Stillman has written and published a new song entitled, "Whose Baby are You?"

\* \* \*

#### THEY USED TO COLLECT INSURANCE THAT WAY!

That was a good yawn that was pulled on wee Yvonne who graced the recent "Midnight Rounders" cast on the Century Roof. Yvonne has a friend named Billy Russell, who perambulates in the "Night Watch." What was Yvonne's horror and amaze one morning to receive a pasted clipping from the Times telling of Billy's suicide. He had selected Central Park, if we recall correctly, for his semi-sylvan exit from a world of taxi-clocks and cover-charges. Well, all Yvonne had to do was cry right out loud. Then she recalled it was April 1st. A chap named Billy Russell had really shuffled out, and his live namesake had concluded it furnished a good opportunity to harrow the feelings of the young nymph.

\* \* \*

Advt. in daily paper: "Use Binks' wood-preserving stain. Write for dry-rot literature to ..... Newark, N. J." But why go to all that trouble when you can read Old Doc Crane's works in almost any library?

\* \* \*

"Too many members of Society stay away from church nowadays" laments a religious paper. Even if they are unable to attend we think they might at least send their cards.

\* \* \*

Suggested obituary blurb for any bereaved wholesaler: "He has gone to that bourne whence no commercial traveler returns."

#### SHOULD BE RUN IN AS NUISANCES

How much longer will the police tolerate the gang of elderly dames on Broadway, some in uniform, who solicit money for so-called charities? There can be no doubt that almost all of them are fakirs, and that hardly a penny of the collections ever reaches its destination. Indeed most of these old hags make a steady livelihood out of their occupation. What a sap anyone is, therefore, to give them a nickel! During the war untold millions were fraudulently gathered in by street and restaurant solicitors—only a few of them got in the toils of the law.

\* \* \*

Don't you think the pesky old phone co., with the prospect of extracting eight or nine extra billions of dollars from subscribers under the new rates, ought to allow us to ask the time?

\* \* \*

And if they're so darned economical of chatter, why not cut out the "Beg your pardons" and "Thank you's" fired at subscribers for no reason whatsoever?

\* \* \*

And wouldn't it be a good plan for this grand old conversation trust to line up the gum-chewing operators and instruct them to *repeat* the calls given them?

\* \* \*

And, if you don't mind, has anyone yet figured up the additional trillions they're going to cop by installing the contemplated automatic instruments?

\* \* \*

But what's the use? Merely to mention the old phone co. jumps one's temperature to the malarial point.

\* \* \*

#### WHAT THEY REALLY LIKE

"Ah, Rodney," gurgled the beautiful vamp in the last act of the Broadway super-six hit "Ah, Rodney, my man must be big and brave and strong; he must terrify me with his kisses, I must swoon at the feel of his tiger arms; none of your weaklings for me—I must be loved, loved, loved—his passion must melt me, like hot lava burn and stifle me." A half hour later, at the stage door, she joined a pimply-faced youth, with a Fatima cigarette and vents in his coat, and they went home to the Calvert.

\* \* \*

#### A BALLOON FANTASY

He has taken a room in a nice apartment, but the married pair who let it to him rarely saw their new tenant. He

came in late, arose early. One morning about four, after a festive party, he stole in, carrying one of the toy balloons which had amused the merry-makers. Before getting in bed he blew it up for fun, and it burst with a loud, pistol-like report.

The apartment lady nudged her husband. "John," said she, "did you hear that? That was a revolver shot in Robinson's room. He has committed suicide. I knew that fellow would do something as sure as I'm lying here. Don't you remember I said there was something peculiar about him that day he took the room. Now, look what a mess we're in—for God's sake, what shall we do with a dead body in our apartment? Better get up and call Dr. Jenks at once, John,—for heaven's sake, hurry!"

\* \* \*

"Tis blurb'd that no picture star will hereafter draw more than \$1,000.00 per week. Why the nine hundred dollars overpayment?

\* \* \*

Why not let the people of the future enjoy futurist art?

\* \* \*

Don't you think all the commuters have had good early-trainings?

\* \* \*

Not that it is of any interest, but we might mention that Agnes Dunne is back from Cuba.

\* \* \*

Many are the tales—verily they are as the sands of Long Beach in number—told of a certain famous diva-impresario, but the best one, and on highly reliable authority, concerns her condition of dress on one thrilling afternoon when a lowly scribe of the Broadway press made venture to interview her in her hotel apartment. "Come in" called the lady. Our modest protagonist of the Fourth Estate pushed open the door and entered. The diva strode from her bath-room, with a large Turkish towel in one hand, the other extended in greeting!

\* \* \*

All the beauty and cleverness of the family are not, apparently, confined to Allyn King. For there is sister Phoebe—Miss Phoebe King, if you please—whom you must have noted in Wm. Rock's *revue*. Phoebe's talents have not gone unrecognized. Al Woods will feature her in one of his most important productions, and it looks as though a new star is due to arise on the footlights horizon.

**AND MOREOVER!**

Still another angle has appeared in the amorous adventures of a certain heavy-waisted tenor, whose susceptibility to the bacillus *flapperia* is portrayed in another column. Now wee birdie chirps that Johnnie has been named in a divorce proceeding. Before his exit to foreign shores it seems he dined not wisely but too often with a lil married "movie" chicken, whose continued strayings from the home coop eventually attracted hubby's attention, and there was nothing for hubby to do but pull the old blue prints.

\* \* \*

**MEOW!**

One of the emigration experts has turned in the alarming report that all the East river bridges are crowded with cats headed for Brooklyn! Already, reliable reports have filtered through from the City of Dismal Night that uninterrupted sleep over there is no longer possible, due to the Valkyrian pandemonium of every back fence from Sands Street to the eastern confines of Flatbush. Many a chorus girl, on reading this bright paragraph, will be enlightened as to the whereabouts of her lost feline, and any chorus girl, minus her pet pussy, is always a forlorn object. Our own impression is that the Manhattan tomcats having heard for years of the somnolence of Brooklyn have formed a union to bust it up, and made a concerted drive on the hapless burg.

\* \* \*

Our Advtg. Mgr. reports that he has recently had more laughs handed him in JANICE'S Gown Shop on 6th Avenue than he ever experienced at the circus. Says that on his various afternoon visits all the expert arguers in Greater New York seemed to be having a special matinee. Maybe the shade of Janice's hair gets them hot?

\* \* \*

Say what you like, baccy dealer Pialoglu is a good and faithful hubby. Almost every day he motors little wifey Conny to and from the Talmadge studio on East 48 where she has been filming a new picture by John Emerson and Anita Loos with the "working" title, "Beauty and Brains." And there's another good thing about hubby Pia—no we can't spell it again—he never enters the studio, showing probably his opinion of the moving picture art. Conny's deep voice always wins her notice and her charmingly democratic manners are not least among the causes of her great popularity with one and all of those with



### GERTRUDE MUDGE

who, if you please, is the understudy for Marie Dressler, and took the role on a recent afternoon at the Winter Garden on fifteen minutes' notice, with pronounced success. With her unusual abilities a great future for her seems assured. Incidentally, she's a sister of the charming Betty Mudge.

whom she works. Which proves that a hubby with a name like a town in Poland is no handicap on either good-nature or wifely affection.

\* \* \*

What has happened to Allen Germain that he has not called to see Helen Bell Rush since his victorious return from that extended visit on the continent?

\* \* \*

Music is to human life what oil is to machinery. Get an oil-can, girls!—*From sayings of Counsellor Chase of Boston.*

\* \* \*

RIOT—An Irishman was discovered in Freeman's restaurant the other night, also in the Burlesque Club.

\* \* \*

#### MARTHA AND THE GOBLINS

The uneasy ghost of Olive Thomas must be haunting the Selznick studio these days. For Martha Mansfield, her "successor" is being "shot." Whatever else one might conceive of ritzy Martha's qualifications, the last thing would be to conceive of her as a film star, and least of all as an Olive Thomas prototype. She possesses a coryphe prettiness, probably knows how to walk without stubbing her corns, but radiates about as much warmth as the steam pipes in a fifty dollar flat. It is the everlasting reproach of the so-called picture "art" that flashy flappers, with the magnetism of a Macy cash-girl, can usurp the fame and dollars often denied to genuine artistes, who would scorn the artifices by which these flashy flappers pave their way to the cheap glory that perishes almost in their grasp. But God is just—and for all this uncanny and meretricious stardom the Goblins grimly lie in wait. And the Goblins sardonically grin as they visit upon the flashy flappers the mops and dish-pans, the manicure jobs, the faded tea-rooms, the dingy back-parlors ordained for all the pitiful little moths after their small hour around the flame.

\* \* \*

How would you like to be an Indian guyed?

\* \* \*

All other mental sufferings visited upon her by the marital imbroglio ought to be of little moment to Mrs. Stillman compared with those arising from the "poems" of young Mr. Clawson, of Buffalo.

\* \* \*

Could Mrs. S. be said to have the Indian sign tacked on her?

WHERE is "Algy"? And has he been rained on?

\* \* \*

Is it true that Lily Lorraine (whose restoration to health there is no one but will be glad of) says that never again will she use the Fifty-Fifty Club stairs for tobogganning purposes?

\* \* \*

#### IN A TAXI

He: "I could die for love of you!"  
She: "And you feelin' so well?"

\* \* \*

ADD TO SWIPERS FROM BREVI-TIES—Alleged "columnist" H. I. Phillips, with his "Glossary of the Plays."

\* \* \*

Just what are the cute ways everyone seems to admire in Mary Savage?

\* \* \*

Wasn't that a rather short-lived romance between Frank C— and leaping Billy M—, and isn't it too bad when one goes out "on location" and gets air without a durn thing to show for it?

\* \* \*

Little chorus girl philosopher says it's been her experience it's impossible to keep a good man down.

\* \* \*

#### HURRY WITH THE OLD "SPOT" FOR MABEL!

You'd think Mabel Wildey had snuffed enough already without being exposed to the wiles of a nasty hold-up man. But according to the *News*, Mabel had \$700.00 demanded of her by Harry Rose, of Mt. Vernon, who alleged he wanted that trifling sum because little Mabel had enticed one, Simpkins, to spend \$1800.00 on her, the proceeds of Govt. bonds Simpky had swiped. Mabel at once applied to the trusty local constabules, who arrested Rice..... You could pull a lot of funny wheezes on this item. Little Mabel with her face against the pane. Rice getting the puddings knocked out of him. Oh, what a simp was Simpkins, and what a name for a spender?.... But we want to draw your esteemed attention to the real kick of the story. Mabel is described as "a pretty DRESSMAKER."

\* \* \*

#### CHESTERTON, THE SOLECISM KING

As per his statement to a reporter: "As we had heard them (the 'jumps') spoken of in England they sounded like astronomical distances between fixed stars." Funny he didn't mean stars "gathered together."

## MORE WORK FOR THE CRAPE-HANGERS

Natalie and Buster. Oh, what a Pain!

\* \* \*

Claire Nagel and friend husband Arthur Hammerstein come to the parting of the whey.

\* \* \*

Max Hart, who pulled an awful bloomer when he recently tried to "rough" a popular Broadwayite, now getting the results of his perfidy in the old blue parchment handed him by wife Madge. All Madge ever did for Max, it appears, was establish his present booking business so he could eat regularly.

\* \* \*

Charlie Chaplin's mumma says she "never saw Charlie act." Neither did we.

\* \* \*

"How old is Ann?" now supplanted by the query: "How many wives has Earle Fuller?" Three reported up to press-time.

\* \* \*

Pearl White sailing "to seek divorce." *Corpus delicti* being that good man, Winnie Sheehan. Often wondered why Winnie never got his front name amputated by the courts to avoid riots.

\* \* \*

Anna Luther sued for goose-liver. By the "ham" celebrity, Reuben. A bill of \$604.53 naturally gave him goose-flesh. Now we know why Anna was so often seen with geese.

\* \* \*

Frank Tinney, of cannibalistic fame, decides to make up with his hail and sleet. One time the biter nearly got bitten.

\* \* \*

Gatti Cazazza finds a new operatic star in a cabaret! Attendace at the Metro would lead one to believe this is not the first discovery of that sort.

\* \* \*

Startling news printed in a dramatic weekly—"Evan Burrows Fontaine has a little son of three months." Well then she must have married young—after all—or, let us see, they say she didn't—now how could—but just wait a minute—of course, it may be all a mistake—yet don't you recall—my God, it's too terrible to think of, for—did you ever in your born—say, pass me the ammonia!

Dancing academies in bad again! George White, of Chattanooga, Tenn., meets 18-year-old Hazel Tyler in one at Broadway and 66th, and she borrows his \$1100.00 sparkler and won't give it back. Pulls her before Judge McQuade, and she does. "You're some fast worker" says His Honor. Correct! But how about the police taking a little peek in the "academy" to note the general run of affairs?

\* \* \*

On another page we carry an interesting photograph of the famous Mme. Polly's hairdressing parlors at 216 West 42. Her vast clientele will recognize this familiar section of the interior of her shop, "posed" especially for BREVIETIES. Mme. Polly is the great advocate of bobbed hair (practically her own origination in this country) in which she specializes. The bob, according to Mme., is becoming more popular every day, and she says that long hair now looks as much out of place as long skirts. Many of the noted women of history wore bobbed hair. "It's so easy in the morning," contends Mme. Polly—"you give your head a shake and it's combed and brushed! It makes women young; why, I have ladies coming in here, grandmothers, who look like chickens once they get the bob."

\* \* \*

You've no doubt often wondered, while sitting in your favorite Little Club, who the boys are busily dispensing those entrancing dance-compelling orchestral tunes. Well, Joe Raymond it is who makes the violin talk, Frank Garisto plunk-plunks the banjo, Frank Andriani blows the deep-throated saxophone, E. Swartz supplies bass, Phil Rale tickles the drums and Jack Shilkret titillates the piano keys. All fine boys and musicians extraordinary, composing "Sherbo's Little Club Orchestra."

\* \* \*

Winter Garden Drug Store is pushing a big "reduction sale" on famous perfumes. For instance, Houbignat's "Ideal" (regular \$8.25) now \$7.25, and the \$4.25 at \$3.75. By the way, this is the drug-store that challenges you to ask for anything they don't have. Think up something hard, and try them!

\* \* \*

We understand that Mme. Marie, of 109 West 48, is making a fight against old High Price by supplying the professionals with excellent gowns, right up to the minute in style, as low as \$22.00. Some of her gowns we have seen at this price are wonders.

# Nautilus Magazine — America's Greatest Comic Journal

If you're too young to have known Joe Miller's Joke Book, don't worry! You still can buy *Nautilus Magazine*. This excruciating print issues from Holyoke, Mass., calling itself "A Magazine of New Thought," and is published and edited by Old Mother Towne, first name Elizabeth, aided and abetted by Willie Towne, Lizzie's hubby. Willie and Lizzie are engaged in pushing "New Thought" bunk on a strictly cash-in-advance basis. You don't hear so much of Willie, as Lizzie grabs the whole of the spotlight for herself, but he does his part to make *Nautilus* the best comic sheet we have in America. For instance, this from page two, April issue: Lizzie has an attack of hay—pardon, we mean May—fever:

May, the month of burgeonings and births

O you May! My birth month!

O you readers of *Nautilus*. YOU MAY realize your soul's desires.

Note that Lizzie uses the single-letter ejaculation, which grammarians have hitherto restricted to Deity. But then Lizzie is above rules of grammar as well as of logic.

Now the real fun begins—the ADVERTISING pages! By mail, Doc Alsaker will rid you of your Catarrh; Paul Ellsworth will "heal" you—in fact you've got to be well-heeled to dabble with these ginks; the Master-Key Institute will slip you "Wealth, Honor, Riches"; Brown Landone, after April 30, will charge you \$10.00 instead of \$7.00 for adding a couple of million to your income; A. L. Price, Inc. will impart their astounding formula for paint without oil; Lizzie Towne herself will cure you up by sleep and Bruce MacLelland will show you the rosy path to prosperity through Thought Force. Brucie blushingly confides that he "advanced from abject poverty to an income of \$11,000 a year." You've got the biggest laugh of your life coming if you will invest 35c. in a copy of *Nautilus*.

*If You're Thirsty*

Just join the happy crowds at

**THE SODA FOUNTAIN**

**Winter Garden Drug Store**

WINTER GARDEN BUILDING

*If it's made, we have it!*

*50 and B'way*



### JEAN GRANESE

billed as "the unusual songstress," now playing Keith "Big-time" vode. Jean has extraordinary vocal accomplishments, plus a striking personality that wins her audiences and brings repeated encores at each performance. Her advance in vaudeville has lately been so rapid that we predict it will not be long until some wise producer will blaze her name on Broadway as a featured star.....She is under the direction of her gifted brother, Charlie Granese.

## Tackin' On the Old Indian Sign

Has Mrs. Leslie Carter been drinking goat glands or something? She's slated to appear in a new Broadway production in the fall. However, as long as Grace LaRue and Norah Bayes can hold on, there's a chance.

What is the attraction for Lou Garvey on West 63d?

What's an Alaskan malemute? Alice Gentle, who bores us in Metro. pictures, has two? No, it's not a disease.

New listing in Want & Found Dept: Where's Verna Mitchell?

Who was the old flame seen with Lou Davis the other night coming outa the Strand?

Has Frances Starr a sense of humor? Visiting Edward Sheldon, said to be suffering from an incurable malady, she phoned her hubby Haskell Coffin to join her at the bedside.

Zelda Sears may earn \$50,000 a year, but it hasn't helped her to pronounce "apparent" and "leisure" correctly.

Is it true that Norah Bayes' young (?) affections almost went out to Allan Edwards?

\* \* \*

### ADD TO NUTTY MONICKERS

Charlotte Charming  
Edna St. Vincent Millay

\* \* \*

Is it true that Don Marquis, of the Sun, has been elected President of the Sink and Cockroach Association?

Have you heard Henry B. play the horn at the Fifty-Fifty Club on a hot night?

Did you ever attend one of the Drigg's blow-outs in the wilds of New Jersey? Say the "invites" have to be chloroformed to get 'em there.

The future of motion pictures has brightened a little. Lillian Walker states she is through with movies.

?

### BROADWAY DITTY

I know an old man with a nose  
That has all the tints of a rose,  
He hasn't been sober  
Since last October—  
Where he gets it nobody knows.

?

Why did Agnes slip Billy under the table the other night at the P. Royal just after he had asked for the check?

?

Did you git onto "The Swedish-American Moving Pictures Co." just started at Mt. Vernon, Pearl Barrymore leading, with Bob Wilson Nikiforoff? Girls, don't laugh!

?

Who was the girl that had a dictograph placed in her sweetie's apartment, and now does she believe in the old saying, "Where ignorance is bliss" etc.?



### BETTY WRIGHT

*One of the principals in Billy Arnold's "Cinderella Girl" show at the Moulin Rouge, distinguished by her good looks and the success of her special singing number.*

## HARRY FITZGERALD

HIGHEST CLASS  
VAUDEVILLE  
BOOKING

**"Catering to the Best with the Best"**

220 WEST 48

## "You tell 'em, Pussy, I've got the Kitty!"

Is't true Frances Stevens has moved in her new apartment, and that all old friends will be advised of phone number later? Boys, git out yer lil red books!

Did you hear the rumor that Irene Tams was buncoed by a "slick guy" in California in starting "The Tams Moving Picture Co."? It's just one durn toss after another for timid (?) little Irene, for ole Cap. Stoll's "Determination," in which she is said to have drawn six hundred real plasters a week, went busted a short time ago. Ask Max—he knows!

Have you heard the gag: "When are four hands the busiest?"

Many girls claim to grab heavy dough on their birthdays. But doesn't it take lil Edith Hall to really collect it in lots of 500 and more? Ask Izzy!

Who was the simp that wrote to sweetie and friend wife at the same time—and pushed the letters in the wrong envelopes?

Is Nellie Dawn's official residence 49th or 55th Street? And hasn't she got quite classic since she took up trimming at the St. Regis? Oh, you flying—we mean frying—pans!

Who is it that made a habit to call at the Casino every night for a girl and to take her out just to "burn up" his own sweetie?

If Lou Weil had his chance, whom would he make Surgeon General?

Why is it that Florence talks so beautifully (?) of May, and has it anything to do with the attentions of Billy to the latter?

Isn't Reggie Vanderbilt the kind thing? We saw him give Kay Laurell a lift home from the stage door t'other evening in his wonderful car.

Further Details on May Lewis's Dorg—Dorg has been promised an innocent wife and Dr. G. has been commissioned to find the bride.

Doesn't lil Nina Baber, since exiling herself in Gladstone, N. J., find her principal excitement in shooting frogs?

Are there any Broadway flappers left that Bob Wilson hasn't interviewed?

Did you read the testimony of the New Thought nut in *Nautilus* who had pains in her tummy and the revelation came to her from the Higher Illumination while cleaning out the kitchen-sink: "It's baking-powder."

Is it true that Frank Carmen and his chaperon Mista Pearce are at present nibbling at the spaghetti in Italy? Oh, boy!

Wonder what Margy Perry is making her "Hope chest" for?

If it's true that Andy Ginter has retd. from Palm B. with a barrel of money, whose Buick is he ridin' in?

Why did Eugene O'Brien take the header on the stairway the night of the movie ball?

Who was the guy that Arthur — of Hunter Island Inn hit so hard on the bean that owner of said bean is now in bed with two trained nurses—we mean, near by? Is lil Arthur training for a Dempsey bout?

Isn't anti-profiteering often a menace? Who was the chicken who visited the St. Regis "two hundred" donater and went and crabbed the act by accepting twenty green sailors? And did the hotel, by the way, give the donater the air?

?  
Wasn't it sweet to hear Genie O'Brien say to Basil Curran at the movie ball: "Oh, such teeth and beautiful blue eyes? We look so much alike, don't we?" And they do.

?  
Why did "Dr. Bawl" make the fake phone call from the Strand Hotel? Guess Jimmie Blair was only shamming sick for a poipose.

?  
Why was Vincent Astor's car seen so often in front of Ina Claire's home at Pelham???

?  
What's become of smilin' Lotus Wiseman—all the hand-book makers and peanut players are in crape?

?  
For heaven's sake why did Alma Rubens' mumma carry that black eye at the movie ball?

?  
Is it true that Helen Harris is going to park her manicure set and embark in the renting business? Star boarders please page 941.

?  
Wouldn't you think, from her sparklers, that Nellie White, of aquatic fame, might be going to open up a jewelry store? Five dinning bracelets—count 'em!

?  
Wasn't Georgie Macfarland's usual imitation of a peacock on the front lawn, at the movie ball, one of the most *excruciating* features thereat?

?  
Did you know that Lillian Spencer had lost her beloved doggie "Moo" and found him again? She looks ten years younger.

*The famous*

# Sherbo's Little Club Orchestra

*Violinist*—JOE RAYMOND, formerly of Rector's  
and Club de Vingt

*Banjo*—FRANK GARISTO, known as Jazz

*Saxophone*—FRANK ANDRISANI, small, but oh, my!

*Bass*—E. SWARTZ, some bass player

*Drums*—PHIL RALE, the kid drummer

*Pianist*—JACK SHILKRET, two years at the Little Club.  
Writer of "Cuban Eyes,"  
"Somebody Like You," "April Showers Bring May Flowers" and

*The Sensation of New York*

**"MAKE BELIEVE"**

## Rolling Some More of the Old Pills

Also are you aware that Arnold Johnson opens in May at Martin's, Atlantic City, with his orchestra, "at the highest price on record"? ?

Didst know that Quinto Semprini is studying for opera under a celebrated teacher, and that his fine tenor voice may soon be heard at the Metropolitan? ?

Is it true that a famous society journal was just about to pass into the hands of an equally famous publisher, when an unexpected libel action against the sheet interrupted the deal? ?

What ever has become of popular "Betty" the hairdresser? ?

And, for God's sake, where is Joyce Fair? ?

And have a heart and tell us where is softig Ingrid Zanders? This suspense is killing us. ?

How is it all the Spaniards on Broadway have so much money and Spain is so poor? ?

Is it true that Helen O'Day, Mable Wildey and Owen Moore have signed up for the season with No. 2 company, John Barleycorn Burlesquers, to play the subway wheel? ?

How cute Dorothy A—, the leaping Belle of Beantown, looks with Alberto each evening? ?

### **A DOG'S TALE, OR HOW KAY GAVE FIDO A FLOSSY FUNERAL**

*(On "information and belief" just like an Affidavit)*

If you happen to live in the vicinity of 125 East 56, and also happen to have heard, not many days ago, a chorus of mournful woofs and g-r-r-r's from whatever contingent of the dog family wags its tail on that delightful concourse, we are right here to enlighten you. For the doggies' dirge was all due to a cute little funeral of one of their number. It seems that Kay Laurell, a flapper in one of the current shows, suffered the bereavement of her pet poodle. After a brief but interesting illness his canine spirit gracefully winged its way to some dog heaven or other, leaving the more or less sweet Kay prostrated. She felt even worse than the time Monty Fleishman manufactured the cigarettes for her. Well, she was so het up over the puppy's demise, and so doggone anxious to testify to her grief at the passing of this member of the large Woof family that, what did she do, but call up an *undertaker*? Whether the emissary of the burial squad who responded was our ol' friend Funeral Church Campbell we know not. But at any rate it is said that his indignation, on viewing the cadaver of a dog, was so profound he hurt three ribs in getting out. Don't think for a minute that this pheased the dauntless Kay! Not on your cigar coupons. She was just going to have the durn funeral, undertakers or not. So the dear thing ordered a sumptuous casket, satin-lined, sent out invitations to all her woof-loving friends, and a big bunch of them filed in for the obituary stuff to find Fido reposing in his casket, banked on all sides with flowers. It looked like the death of the Pope. The doggone dog was eventually carted off to his last resting-place amid the Irvington hills, in the famous animal cemetery wherein repose the Poms of many a noted owner.

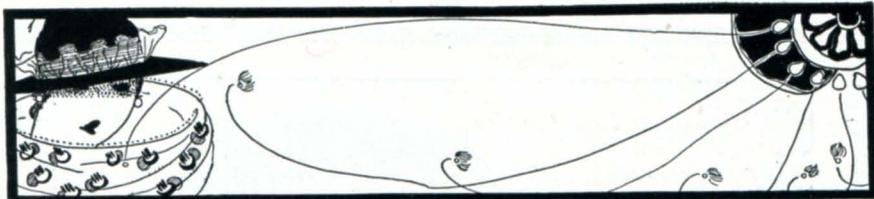
There his gentle body lies, while his discarnate self is probably at this minute getting a strangle hold on a pugnacious cat or a soup-bone somewhere in the Elysian Fields of Woof.



ALPEDA  
N.Y.

### BILLY ARNOLD

who has written, produced and staged in its entirety the "Cinderella Girl" revue, greeted as the "high light" of all entertainments that have appeared at the Moulin Rouge. Billy has also, for years, produced the Garden Restaurant revue. Some of the best numbers in "Cinderella Girl" are taken by himself, to great applause.....We wonder when some Broadway manager is going to wake up and realize the "find" that Billy would be as a masterly producer and director.



## IMITATIONS

Dear P. D. Q.—I read your column every day. I am a little girl who never had a father or mother, which may surprise you, but the explanation is I am an incubator child, and I am wondering, oh, so hard, whether there is any chance of my running across a little brother or sister sometime who was hatched with me, and I thought you might have some word of cheer for lonesome

WEE ELSIE

Dear Elsie:

I have read

\* \* \*

With tears

\* \* \*

Your little letter

\* \* \*

And I know

\* \* \*

You will

\* \* \*

Laugh

\* \* \*

When I confess

\* \* \*

That I too

\* \* \*

Am an incubator child

\* \* \*

And for years

\* \* \*

I have walked

\* \* \*

Uptown and downtown

\* \* \*

Peering into faces

\* \* \*

Looking

\* \* \*

For some smile

\* \* \*

Of recognition

\* \* \*

From the eggs

I meet

\* \* \*

In the great city's

\* \* \*

Hard-shelled

\* \* \*

Whirl

\* \* \*

But my quest

\* \* \*

Has so far

\* \* \*

Been in vain

\* \* \*

And my heart

\* \* \*

And my tears

\* \* \*

Go out

\* \* \*

To you

\* \* \*

And to all the others

\* \* \*

Who are

\* \* \*

Or have been

\* \* \*

Eggs

\* \* \*

And I often think

\* \* \*

There must be thousands

Of us	* * *	Were eggs	* * *
But God is good	* * *	And anyway	* * *
And while very few	* * *	Some day	* * *
Of the thousands	* * *	Elsie	* * *
Realize it	* * *	You and I	* * *
You and I know	* * *	May meet	* * *
We once		In an omelette	

—P. D. Q.

---

### CHASED BY A PARK SQUIRREL

By Dr. Frank Pain

I was walking in the park the other afternoon, when I saw a squirrel.

He turned, made as if to chase me. I wonder why.

Have you ever been chased by squirrels?

Did you ever realize that the squirrel had a mind? A cosmic, microcosmic, protoplasmic mind.

Are you aware that Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon, Pussyfoot Johnson, General Coxey, Julius Keller, Emerson, Kant, Spencer, Al Jolson and every other great intellect that has demonstrated Truth and Justice in this world has known and loved squirrels?

That wherever you find a Squirrel you find a Nut.

The little park squirrel chased and chased me. I glорied in it. I saw in his eye that glint of Immortality, that Hint of the Pre-Dawn, that Intimation of Prehistoric Things that you can sometimes see in a toad's—only a toad is harder to see.

The little four-footed thing kept on chasing me. I began to feel nutty.

Yet, I pondered, here and now, in essence, is the Secret of the Ages.

Verily it is hidden from the wise and revealed unto squirrels. Go to the squirrel, thou sluggard, and be Wise. A little squirrel shall lead them.

---

### THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PIPPIN

April 14—Up anon, and at my splint all day.....At seven in my petrol buggy to Neysa's, where I was holpen to a dish of fried ice, the friedest ever I have eaten, washing it down with five beakers of raspberry juice.....Then with my wife, poor wretch, to see "Skinned Alive" at the play house, my Lord Haystack Brown averring, poor dunce, it hath not been his fortune to see such fine mimicks, albeit I have never seen a worser. Met Ronald Wormrath, poor simp, and we swallowed a couple of gallons of Loganberry, yet he seemeth to take no joy in it at all, at all.....Home, full of indigestion, to bed.

The three pretty Whitmore sisters, Nina, Frances and Marion, are back from Paris, where they had a successful professional engagement during the winter months. Frances became very ill shortly after their return to New York. We trust she is well again when this issue appears. Nina says Paris is a great town, and she'd like to go back.

\* \* \*

#### **ANNA SPENCER, INC. GOING BIGGER THAN EVER**

Want to see a "busy hive of industry"? —then drop in the costuming headquarters of Anna Spencer, Inc., 244 West 42d Street. If you can get the ear for a moment of that dynamo of hustle, Billy Riordan, he will tell you of the firm's activities and widespread operations. When our reporter called, Billy had orders before him for the outfitting of ten new shows. But that doesn't hinder his plans for the complete redecoration of the spacious floor occupied by Anna Spencer, which are now being carried out, and will make the place one of the most beautiful in the city. Billy's in-

fectious good cheer is always a cure for the blues. And of course you are well aware of Miss Spencer's record as one of the foremost designers in America.

\* \* \*

That's a sad report, isn't it, about the loss of Faye Atkin's diamond lavallieres. Don't mix Faye with the namesake who writes pieces on an evening paper. Faye's just a little chorus lady, living at the Dorrilton, and the lost headlight took a sneak one night recently when she gave a party to eight of her "friends." If we recall aright, Faye used to be Anna Luther's side-partner at Long Beach last summer, when the sun shone on the golden sands through the long Sunday afternoons, followed later by scrambles for ringside tables at Castle's. Anna, herself, used to carry enough cracked ice to start an annex at Tiffany's.

\* \* \*

Everyone speaks of the great courtesy of Peter Mozzie, one of the popular assistants of Mgr. Geo. Lamaze, Cafe de Paris.

#### **NEW BRIGHT SPIRIT ILLUMES THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE**

If old Lindley Murray's shade ever walks abroad one of his first pet calls is going to be made upon the cuckoo who writes "Dressing Room Gossip" in *Theatre Magazine*. Who this bird is we know not, but he certainly needs a correspondence course in English. In the April issue we counted forty-two errors of grammar in nine paragraphs. Here are twin samples of the bird's beautiful prose: "Florence Nash, in her large library of the Nash apartment," etc. . . . "Certainly Mr. Manners has not failed either in industry nor inclination," etc. And listen to this one: "We know of course he has been a lifelong patron of the dramatic art." If the heavy-footed old *Theatre Magazine*'s entry in the realm of frisky *raconteurdom* is any indication of what is to follow we suggest that the editorship of "Dressing Room Gossip" be handed over to the office boy.

## **G E R T R U D E BEAUTY PARLOR**

**730 7th AVENUE**

**GERTRUDE enjoys the distinction of being the best  
Marcel Waver in New York. One visit makes you a  
steady customer—J. F. DEAL.**



VERA GREY

*Singing comedienne in "Cinderella Girl" revue at Moulin Rouge, who impersonates Frances White so closely in appearance, action and voice you have to rub your eyes to distinguish the difference. As dancing partner of Billy Arnold, and in the Apache burlesque with Earl Miller, her work elicits high admiration.*

#### HOOCH RECIPE FOUND IN A BRONX RAID

"For one hogshead use the following: 7 spools of barbed wire, 10 pounds of chewing tobacco, a quart of varnish, 1 can of blasting powder, 5 gals. of rain-barrel water. Mix all together and cool for 9 days and nights while the graves are being dug.....If possible, treat the Revenoers; they won't bother you again."

\* \* \*

Is't true that Irene Tams, after being cleaned out of money and jewelry in the fake movie scheme wished on her on the Coast, wired a friend in N. Y. for one hundred bucks to get back—and did she get it?

\* \* \*

It is announced that Harry Hecheimer, Broadway's liveliest attorney and most coruscating wit, will take new offices in the State Theatre Building at 45 and Main. The best is none too good for Harry, and as the best is none too good for his friends, that's why they like Harry.

Much ice-cream soda hath made the boresome F. P. A. pad! He misquotes "fine" for "fair" from this here, now, imperishable couplet of Suckling's: "No sun upon an Easter day, Was half so fair a sight."

\* \* \*

#### "OFF FOR LONDON AND PARIS"

These will be the words used by ADELE, famous little milliner of 160 West 45, about the time this greets your eye. For she will sail on the *Aquitania* on a part pleasure and business trip, that will include London and Paris and a few other suburbs overseas. And she's going to bring back a collection of sensational Paris and London styles that will give Broadway a real gasp of admiration, to be added to her own line of exclusive "creations" for the summer trade. In taking this well-earned holiday ADELE will leave her shop in charge of her present expert staff, who will take the best care of you. On leaving she wants us to tell BREVITIES' readers about the wonderful midsummer sport hats she is featuring.....BREVITIES joins with her numberless patrons and friends in wishing ADELE, *bon voyage*.

## Rhymes of a Broadway Bum

Spring came in and slammed the door, the snow all turned to water  
 Broadway Chicken's skirts are getting shorter than they oughter  
 It seems the ones that show the most have got the least to show  
 They may get better higher up but then, you never know!  
 We think this season's crop of chicks is ugly as the devil  
 With drooping fronts and bandy peds, we're off them, on the level  
 Scotch is one two five per case, which seems an awful soak  
 But if you have a case of Scotch, who cares if you are broke  
 New York looks like Coney Island, cheap with gaudy glitter  
 Smiles and lights are bright by night but underneath it's bitter  
 From Beaux Arts up to Monte Martre, to Club Maurice and back  
 In endless search for—God knows what, we take the beaten track  
 Folks we know are hanging out in all the old time places  
 Johnny Hoagland's girls, this year, have ribbon counter faces  
 Lou Davis still has lots of friends, they like him 'cause he's funny  
 Leo Weil has sailed for Europe—ZIP—there goes some money!  
 Mickey Neilan's in our midst, Ben Ali Haggin's blowing  
 Now, we wonder if our friend Babe Marlow thinks she's going  
 Miss Bee Milner on the roof, has got "some" reputation  
 What's become of Tommy Pierce—we long for information  
 Harry Carroll has a "case" on little Kathlene Martyn  
 Now that wifie's left him flat, we wonder what he's startin'  
 Miss V. Dana's on the coast—Winnie Sheehan's abroad  
 Bob Hart's eye is better now, where Gosnell's vamping scored  
 H. McGinnis shook the town and went back to Chicago  
 Mother left before she did—we wonder where did Ma go?  
 Norman Carey hops about with wife trailing after  
 They say that Norman's getting "Ritz" which gives us cause for laughter  
 Mildred R. and Arthur S. were glimpsed one Sunday noon  
 All dressed up in evening clothes,—we'll have their number soon  
 Peggy Marsh has poker parties, Oh, so nice and clubby  
 When the folks have all gone home she throws the chips at hubby  
 Ward Crane has a lovely house, we wonder how he got it  
 We saw Miss Lucille Darling in condition most besotted  
 Dot Klewer's up in "Paradise"—they put on shows up there  
 Sing snappy songs and ev'rythin' but no one seems to care  
 Peggy Hopkins is the girl that Edgar James admires  
 He looks a little like the ad for Kelly Springfield tires  
 Glanzler's gone to California,—Billy Seeman's tickled  
 Dorothy is all his now and Swanstrom's always pickled  
 Earnest Dunham gives some cute home dinners, so they say  
 But girls who haven't been before had better stay away  
 We know a chap named Wisner who has that smile and look  
 Which puts him in the handsome, grey-haired class of S. Baruch  
 From our view-point on Broadway, this town is sure rotten  
 We had some other things to say, but, darn it, we've forgotten

### "IT" HAS IT IN FOR NILS

(From "It" Magazine, Los Angeles)

For no reason whatsoever, Mr. Nils Grandlund devotes a quarter of his page in the Loew Weekly in telling bum jokes that were supposed to be written by Harold Lloyd. Aw, why don't they get wise to themselves? Nils tells us that the correct way to pronounce Nazimova's name is as if it were Nazeemova, accent on the "zee," like in "fish." Next!

Does anybody happen to know Miss Helen (Smiles) Davis? No? Well, neither do I, but, regardless of that, Miss Davis opened at Loew's American the last half and had a host of film stars appear with her that would choke a horse. Which goes to show you, dear reader, that any sweet little girl who treats Nils Grandlund nicely can have anything she wants from either the Loew or Metro offices.



### PEGGY LA BREE

*looks very comfy and tempting in her unusual pose, doesn't she? Well, Peggy, a pretty daughter of the Southland, is probably ruminating as to whether she will accept one of the theatrical contracts now being offered her, following her recent successes on stage and screen. Almost anyone ought to be glad to sign a contract with Peggy.*

## WANTED—A Lyric!

**Q** The Melody of "Venetian Smiles," a wonderful new Fox-Trot by Billy Baskette, is on page opposite. BREVITIES wants a *Lyric* for it.

**Q** The prize for the best lyric submitted will be ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in cash and a contract for one-third of all royalties on the melody.

**Q** Here is your chance, Mr. Lyric Writer, to collaborate with one of America's foremost composers. Baskette has written such sensational hits as "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!" "Jerry," "Hawaiian Butterfly," "Ev'rybody Wants the Key to My Cellar," etc., etc. He's a wonder!

**Q** And Leo Feist has accepted the melody and will publish it when the Prize Lyric has been decided upon. Phil Kornheiser, Director General of Feist, proclaims "Venetian Smiles" one of the hits of three seasons!

**Q** Contest will cover the present (May) and the June and July issues of BREVITIES, after which the winner will be announced.

**Q** Send all MSS. to BREVITIES, 1400 Broadway.

BOARD OF JUDGES ANNOUNCED NEXT ISSUE.

*(Further details of Contest furnished on request)*

# Venetian Smiles

FOX-TROT BALLAD

MUSIC BY  
BILLY BASKETTEVOICE

The musical score consists of ten staves of handwritten musical notation. The first staff is labeled "VOICE". The subsequent staves are labeled "CH." (Chorus). The notation includes various note heads, stems, and bar lines, with some notes having horizontal lines above them. Measures are indicated by vertical bar lines. The key signature changes throughout the piece, and the time signature varies between measures.

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# Flossie Flapjack's Fumble

or

## From Hickville to Hiccups

Flossie Flapjack, the heroine of our tale, was born at a very early age, in Haymow, Vt.

Her parents were poor, and therefore respectable as Hell. Flossie did jobs around the house, and on Thursday evenings Hank Corntassel escorted her to prayer-meeting, where the old Presbyterian cleric often warned his hick audience of the awful pitfalls of New York City, which he called a "den of corruption," "the home of ravening wolves seeking to fatten on womanly purity, honor and innocence."

He talked so much about it that Flossie felt she'd like to be chased by wolves. All she got out of Hank Corntassel was a hand-squeeze, a good-night kiss and a box of twenty-five cent candy from the Eagle Drugstore.

As the wolf at her puppa's door wasn't the one she wanted, she made quiet plans for a ride to Broadway to see the real animal.

Two months now elapse, and find Flossie ensconced in one of those "back parlors" in the Forties that have done more to promote the sale of lysol than the advertising.

Flossie used to see so many pictures of Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in the Haymow *Banner* that it is no wonder we find her, one lovely June morning, waiting on a line headed for a door labelled "Casting Director." She'd heard so much about the awful time it was to get a job that she was much taken aback when the "caster" after a hasty survey of her blonde locks and her woolen socks asked her to come back that afternoon at five.

At six she is seated with him over a broiled chicken in a Broadway restaurant. He doesn't look like a wolf—in fact most of the girls call him "a bear"—which Flossie didn't know. Later from his hip he produced a silver-mounted flask and asked her to have some. She did. He told her she was just the type he had been looking for, and that in his hands her future as a screen star was assured. She would be placed tomorrow in his new feature reel, entitled, "Why Women Shimmy" and he'd send his car to fetch her to the studio....She took three more out of the silver flask, and about two a. m. he suggested they run up to his apartment so he could show her the oil paintings.

NOW, YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO READ HOW SHE WOKE UP THE NEXT MORNING IN A STRANGE PLACE, SOBBLING, "OH, GOD, WHERE AM I," "WHERE'S MY MOTHER?" "YOU BEAST IN HUMAN FORM!" AND THE REST OF THE PLATITUDES OF DESPOILMENT.

You're wrong! He took her to the apartment, all right enough, but his wife (supposed to have gone to Boston that afternoon) happened to be home, and Flossie is now in the hospital.



### BETTY MUDGE

noted dancing and singing hostess of the famous *Cafe de Paris*. Betty recently completed a long and successful vaudeville tour, and for the benefit of her many friends will now shine on Broadway a while. We rarely have witnessed anything so hypnotizing as Betty's smile, and her distinction of manner is just as remarkable.

**FAVORITE SCRIPTURAL QUOTATIONS***The Bootlegger's:*

"All is vanity and vexation of spirits"

*Orchestra Leader's:*"Thou art become as sounding brass  
or tinkling cymbals"*Restaurateur's:*

"Thy sins shall cover thee"

*The Chorus Girl's:*"Let us eat, drink and be merry, for  
tomorrow we dye"*West 39th Barretta's:*

"Lo, the handwriting is on the wall"

*The Vegetarian's:*"Thou shalt lie on thy belly and shalt  
eat grass"*Philadelphia's:*

"He giveth His beloved sleep"

\* \* \*

**ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME**

for comment on the atrocious food of the so-called "dairy" restaurants and "lunch-rooms" of Broadway? There is hardly one of them in which food is served that is fit to eat. Their prices, on many of the dishes, approximate the prices of the standard places, such as Rector's or Murray's, yet these brazen profiteers will set before their patrons the most inferior grade of eatables, ill-cooked, served usually on dirty tableware, and thrown at you by waiters or waitresses dirtier looking than the dirty table at which you sit. Stale bread, foul-smelling meats, watered milk passing as cream, filthy knives and forks, coffee resembling mud, cake with a shell like a tortoise, these are a few of your experiences. Complaint is met only by an amazed insolence. A friend of ours, for instance, who ate some "French" pastry the other night in the C—— restaurant on Broadway, was taken violently ill on his way home. The court dockets have been stuffed on many occasions with suits by patrons of Old Mother Childs who had swallowed tacks and other alimentary impedimenta in her soup. There is a FORTUNE, take it from us, awaiting the man who will

open on Broadway a moderate-price lunch room in which perfect food will be fastidiously cooked and politely served by clean and efficient help. It will take a squad of mounted police to control the patronage that will storm his doors.

\* \* \*

**WHEN IS A CLERGYMAN NOT A CLERGYMAN?****WHEN YOU HIRE HIM FROM AN UNDERTAKER!**

Information has just reached BREVIITIES, from an out of town source, confirming once again the dark and devious methods of the undertaking fraternity. This time it is linked with the name of a famous star of the French and American stage, whose death about two years ago resulted from one of the most obscure diseases known to medical science. It seems that the funeral arrangements were attended to jointly by her daughter and the executor of her estate, and were placed in the hands of a well-known New York undertaker. At their special request a Catholic clergyman was procured by said undertaker to conduct the funeral service, which cleric duly officiated, and the body of the lamented star was laid to rest amid the mourning of thousands to whom her exquisite artistry had brought so many hours of enjoyment in the theatre. All well and good. But murder will out, and it was not so long until, on the occasion we understand of a contest of the funeral bill, that it was disclosed that the so-called "clergyman" was not a clergyman at all, but one of the employees of the undertaker dressed up for the occasion. And the charming impersonation had been assessed at \$100.00!! Pretty steep, eh? Rather humorous, in a way? But not surprising, if you know much about the burial squad. ....BREVITIES will try to secure the sworn testimony taken on the exposure of this scandalous trick, so that you may be regaled by it in our next issue.

**WANTED: JOSEPH I. BERMAN!**

BREVITIES will gratefully receive information as to the present whereabouts of one, Joseph I. Berman, whose former addresses included 737 Lexington Avenue and later Hotel Normandie, New York.

\* \* \*

**DO YOU THINK IT BORE FRUIT?**

It's awful to spring an ancient one, but possibly you never heard of the jealous lover in a New York suburb. Trotting up to his sweetie's home one night, the little ring in his pocket all ready for a proposal, he was flabbergasted to witness sweetie in the embrace of a stranger in the hammock on the front porch. However, the presence of a hoss and buggy at the gate revealed to him that the hammock intruder was the young village doctor. Ruefully he retraced his steps down the street, when, passing a grocery a sudden inspiration dawned. He hopped inside, and ordered a barrel of apples to be shipped over to his sweetie. With the barrel he ordered sent one of the largest placards in the window, reading: "AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY."

\* \* \*

**INTERPRETING THE PLAYS**

"Survival of the Fittest"—Probably produced by the Tailors Association.  
 "Green Goddess"—The late Mlle. Creme de Mint.  
 "Spanish Love"—Three bites, a stiletto and a wallop on the eye.  
 "The Rose Girl"—When your sweetie's at the table, usually \$3 to \$5.  
 "Way Down East"—To Times Square, any place north of 125th Street.  
 "Dear Me"—One of the reasons for putting in movies.

\* \* \*

**AMENITIES OF RURAL ADVERTISING**

Clipped from the *Yapfish Banner*—  
 "Don't Kill Your Wife—Let the Federal Washing Machine do the Dirty Work."

\* \* \*

Who put the cash in cash-extractor?

\* \* \*

**REGARDS OF THE SEASON**

In the spring he called her his little pansy; in the summer his little rose; in the autumn his little goldenrod; in the winter when he slipped on the rent, his little iceberg.



In a conversation the other day with Dr. Theodore Kohler, the famed Chiropractor, whose offices at 424 West 24th Street are being so eagerly sought by the sick and depressed people who have failed to find relief elsewhere, this eminent man spoke briefly of his work, "My new science of healing" said he, "is really the application of the Principles of Democracy. I call it Psycho-Synthesis. Analysis must be followed by synthesis—by *building up* in order to achieve results. I work for the elimination of the cause of disease—I do not treat symptoms. In my healing art Psycho-Analysis is made the handmaiden of Chiropractic. Much of disease is caused and sustained by the vicious action of the mind—I teach my patients to think health—I try to remove all the insidious mental habits that so often make people sick and help to keep them so. I have a joyous pride in giving health and cheer to the ailing and despondent."

Dr. Kohler spoke truly and well. We know of those whom he has rescued in a manner partaking of the miraculous. His own peculiarly magnetic presence imparts hope; his life-giving touch builds the body anew.

424 West 24. Telephone, 7692 Watkins. These numbers may mean your life-long happiness.

### THE CLASSICS REVAMPED

Seated one day at the organ,  
 I was weary and ill at ease;  
 And my fingers finally wandered  
 To my dome, and found it was fleas!

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
 How we wonder what you are;  
 Plunging back in memory's wilds—  
 Didn't you once wait at Childs?

Friend after friend departs,  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There are no "touches" here on earth  
 That don't have that self-same end.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard  
 To get her poor dog a bone;  
 Oh, you oughta heard poor doggie woof—  
 For the cupboard was bone-dry!

### THOSE MUSICAL COMEDIES!

Did you ever in your born days see a musical comedy in which there wasn't an opening chorus with a song about spring or love or the approaching entrance of the sheroine  
 the lovers, after talking for two minutes, didn't move to another seat in the elegant reception room  
 the heavy lover didn't take six or eight steps up stage to watch his rival retreating in the wings  
 the heroine's parents are not sunk in the lowest abyss of vulgarity, poverty and hooliganism  
 the heroine, by some uncanny metamorphosis, is not transformed in three acts out of East Side slang and brazen plebianism into a Vere de Vere of aristocratic finesse  
 the hero's intentions are not muffed by the young heroine's mumma, who wants to drag her ewe lamb away from this monster of lies and lubricity  
 the lovely young chorus men do not rush up to the heroine (and bride-to-be) in the ball-room scene and literally try to drag her off for a dance  
 No, you didn't and you never will if you live to be as old as Methuselah's billy-goat

### THE PRETTY GIRL ON OUR COVER

is Lillian Randall, a young Broadway hostess who has set the popularity record in the past few months. Lillian has a genuine personality that seems to gain friends on sight, and her bubbling good nature, charm and sweetness are only a few of the many qualities of success that she possesses. Reisenweber's famous PARADISE ROOM has just engaged Lillian as hostess.



## EARL MILLER

6

In the "Cinderella Girl" revue at *Moulin Rouge*, the tenor voice of this popular juvenile is one of the real hits. In character work, his burlesque on the Apache dance number draws roars of laughter. Three guesses that some fine day soon you'll see this boy the feature of a Broadway production.

6

---

**QUOTH THE MILKMAN, "NEVER-MORE!"**

Here's a guy on West 45th who will no more enrich the alarm clock mfrs. He's as unproductive as a self-shaver is to a barber. It was his observation that just at the time his old Ansonia rattler started, he heard the milkman dropping the water and cornstarch mixture outside his door. Now he gives the milkman a quarter a week, and has him tap on the door. So now, there's the milkman "tapping, tapping on the door" and the alarm clock, "Nevermore!"

\* \* \*

Pauline Frederick states, "I confine my affection to canaries.".....Nice bunch of friends Pauline must have, eh?

\* \* \*

We'll just have to elect Evvie Nesbit to the Stormy Petrelship of Broadway if events keep on. According to the *News*, hubby Clifford prowled along the

other night and busted in her apartment at 235 West 52, where was found with Evvie a gent by name of James Johnson. The raid had all the trimmings of a movie thriller. Evvie says Jimmie is but her business agent and was simply hanging round to keep her from feelin' lonesome. However it looks as if Clifford has drawn first blood in the "evidence" chase, which occupied a lot of Evvie's time last summer in the Adirondacks and elsewhere.....Incidentally Evvie is said to have stated that she can prove Johnson, from certain existing conditions, could have harbored no evil designs anyway—whatever that means. ....Looks as though the court proceedings, lads, would afford some wailups quite out of the usual!!!

\* \* \*

Speech of King Solomon to Sheba, his beloved, from Wm. Fox's new picture, as they osculate hotly on the roof of his castle at midnight: "Let me forget I am a King—and be a man for one night!" Boys, there's a line that's got a kick to it!

BROADWAY'S FAVORITE  
HAIRDRESSING PARLORS



CHARLES  
& ERNEST

2295                    1005  
Broadway      and      Madison Ave.  
Schyler 5449              764 Rhinelander

20 EXPERTS TO WAIT ON YOU



*Phone either Shop for Appt.*

MEET OLD DOC EVANS!

Fellers, step up and meet our friend, Old Doc Evans! Shake, lads, with the biggest health sharp hereabouts! For a year or more we've been doing little but handling Old Docs, and we might as well add another Old Doc. to the list. Doc Evans conducts, in the News, a Correspondence Course on sidestepping the undertaker. And as our chiefest joy always has been the reading about cancer, tuberculosis, gall-stones, spinal trouble, diabetis, hardening of the liver, paresis, etc., etc., Doc Evans' corner in the News is the first thing we devour. And, take it from us, the Old Doc is asked some knotty questions! Those immemorial interrogations, "How old is Ann?" and "Why does a chicken cross the road?" have, you must admit, baffled many of the ablest minds in our land; compared to these the queries fired at Old Doc Evans are as the Woolworth Building to an Owl Lunch Wagon. Each day our wonder swells that a single mind can cope with them, that even Doc Evans' masterful diagnostic powers are equal to the frightful fatigue-breeding character, the gruelling routine, of the

problems dumped in his mail. But it is a matter of true civic pride that no matter how obscure or complicated the ailment this deft old Esculapian can point out a means of cure, simple, lucid, instant. This is really why we are devoting a lot of expensive 8-pt. to the Old Doc. For we came upon, in his column the other morning, an "answer" to a suffering reader that for Cyclopean brilliancy is probably unmatched in the annals of therapeutics:

STOP EATING SWEETS

N. L. G. writes: I am very fond of eating sweets and every time I do my face breaks out in scales; a sort of ringworm. What should I do?

ANS. Stop eating sweets.

What jewelled brevity! What effulgence of intellect! What wealth of medical erudition! Milton's definition of poetry might well be applied to it: "simple, sensuous, passionate." Future

diagnostician will pivot their researches on this priceless monograph.

In our own blundering, stupid way we can imagine the Old Doc printing other replies something in this style:

#### **KEEP AWAY FROM AUTOMOBILES**

P. D. Q. writes: "Every time I cross to the Times Building some pesky chauffeur will drive right into me, with the result that I wind up six or eleven times a week in the emergency ward. I am a mass of wounds, bruises and contusions. What ought I to do?

REPLY: Keep away from automobiles.

#### **GO IN BY WAY OF THE CELLAR**

H. E. N. Peck writes: "There are two entrances to our little Flatbush home. One, the front door, the other by way of the cellar. Every morning at four when I bump in the front way my wifie welcomes me with a rolling pin or one of the heaviest pieces from the dinner set and the consequence is I have either a continuous headache or an eye make-up fitting me for a tramp act in the varieties—or both. What can I do to get rid of this?

REPLY: Go in by way of the cellar.

\* \* \*

Paul Salvin's hosts of friends are delighted to see him around again after a critical operation on one of his eyes, happily, perfectly successful. But nothing can hamper the enterprise of this most noted of all New York's catering "dynamos," so it will be your pleasure to visit another gem in the Salvin-Thomson chain of eating places when their new "Hoffman's Arms" at Valley Stream, L. I. opens in a month or so. Mr. Salvin told us the other night that the refitting and redecorating of this place would cost him over one hundred thousand dollars. It will have a real English grill, and in other respects maintain the flawless Palais Royal—Cafe de Paris—Folies Bergere standard, and will no doubt become the Mecca of all the summer motorists.

\* \* \*

Edward A. Shafer, the industrious managing director for Barney Gerard, is busy these days writing some new books. You can always look for a laugh a minute in anything the "Judge" is author of.

\* \* \*

Cafe de Paris boasts of a professional celebrity as hostess at present, to wit, Betty Mudge, whose name is familiar to theatregoers all over the country. Her charm, grace and wit, and that wonderful smile, are a winning combination.

#### **THEDA'S REAL HANDLE**

If we decide some day to tell the real names of stage and screen "stars" it's going to occupy an entire issue of this Flappers' Companion. It's going to be terrible. Some of them don't give a damn, while others wouldn't have it known for the world. On looking up some old files of BREVITIES recently we happened on a paragraph about vampess Theda Bara's real monicker that's interesting enough to reprint. 'Twas on a beautiful summer morning 3 or 4 yawhs ago that lil Theda sidled up in front of Supreme Court Justice Donnelly to change her name. In her petition she averred that she was "21 years old," and an actress who has become celebrated through her own efforts. "Born in Cincy, O.", and her daddy a native of Chorsel, Poland. She asked that her name be henceforth Theda Bara, instead of *Theodosia Goodman*. By the same stroke of the judicial pen the Bara handle was affixed to her papa Bernard, her mumma, Pauline, her brudder Marque and lil sis Esther. By the way Bara spelled hindways is "Arab."

\* \* \*

**RECIPE FOR A "BLUE-LAW" REFORMER:** Take ten pounds of dyspepsia, fifty pounds of neurasthenia, a gallon of nervous prostration, several tons of insomnia, a carload of nerve and an unlimited amount of gall; mix with celery tonic or ice-cream soda, shake well and let the stuff sit nine or eleven minutes. You don't have to serve it—it just gets up itself and raises hell.

\* \* \*

Ever eat in Lorber's and watch the colored waiters picking noses, teeth, etc. in the rear? It's a disgrace.

\* \* \*

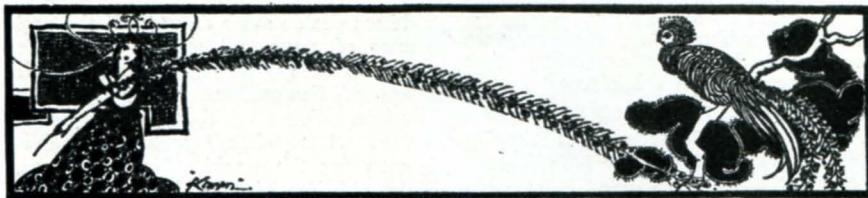
Kathryn Perry writes to thank us for the boosts (?) recently printed. Thus you see no good deed goes unappreciated.

\* \* \*

New song by Peggy Hopkins: "I Wish I hadn't Seen no Messenger Boy." For hubby Stanley Joyce served his divorce action papers through one of these prehensile organisms.

\* \* \*

If Daniels of "Town Topics" lost out on the libel suits against the paper, would he be a Daniels come to judgment?

**OUR PERSPIRING REPORTER**

**He asks a fool question monthly  
and gets away with it!**

**THE QUESTION:**

Don't you think a little more Glue would improve Old Mother Childs' Griddle Cakes?

**THE PLACE:**

Cohen's Pawn Shop, 711 Skeezy St.

**THE ANSWERS:**

*Dippy Lizzie*—At home we generally use Portland Cement to give solid qualities to the buns, but pop came home one night with so big a bun mom decided we'd use the cement on pop thereafter. Now we call him Bunnie for shortening.

*Long-fingered Pete*—Aw, what's youse guys getting at? Do ya tink none of us rounders ever hang on de ol' feed bag in a swell joint? I takes me goil every Thursday night to Hot-dog Jimmie's fer a swell eat and dere ain't no mucilage on de china needer! *Willie Creampuff*—You lovely, lovely man! I could kiss you and slap you, kiss you and slap you. Right on the wrist-watch, too! I give you the gypsy's warning, dearie, that I NEVER eat griddles, no, indeed, NEVER; I have too many lovely fellows to buy me things, and you're a sweet hussy for askin' me—you're just a sweet sow, you temptin' morsel, you!

*George Nathan*—'Twas in the *Spitzerhaus* in Vienna that the meticulous Mencken and I, fixing the date as of May, 1912, asked of Gretchen the handmaiden that we might be served with tried *Snooslekase*, that ambrosial pasty fit to water the dental region of every god on dizzy Olympus. Whereupon this gyrating Gretchen, with no visible premonition, in voice or manner, of the malefic *sturm und drang* two twelvemonths later to devastate her smiling Deutschland, made answer that while she was all out of Snoozle-

kase, she yet could victual us with a choice dish of Dunderblutwurst.

\* \* \*

**RUS IN URBE**

Seen on Easter Sunday afternoon at the Plaza: Seven hicks, four female and three male, at a centre table, all tricked out with Easter bouquets, one of the girls eating bread and butter with her Lynn-havens, and using the crust to pry the bivalves onto her fork.....Miles Price must have viewed the horrifying spectacle, as he sat at a nearby table, and Billy Lloyd, of Club Maurice, was near enough to also lamp it.

\* \* \*

That brilliant dancing comedienne, Ada Mae Weeks, all her troubles with the contumacious Cort apparently at rest, will soon burst on Broadway again in the new Cohan production.

\* \* \*

Did you ever wonder what became of Ruth Foster who adorned the Midnight Frolic for a time in early 1920? Well, we'll relieve your anxiety by stating that Ruth went back home to Milwaukee, whence she post-carded us not long since. Ruth was voted by the Elks at Xmas, "the most beautiful girl in Wisconsin."

\* \* \*

We have failed to note anything in the press on the report that John Drew is steadily growing blind.

\* \* \*

They do tell some interesting tales of a noted concert tenor absent at this writing from his adopted land. For years we have listened to amusing stories of his table manners and his partiality to the flowing bowl, but not until recently have we had notification of his overwhelming penchant for the kind of poultry that emerges from stage doors around 11 p. m. According to the accounts the little bird brings in, the tenor's admirers would get an awful jolt did they know the details of his long and steady waits in the rain, night after night at western stage exits for one or another recruit of the merry-merry. But it's simply one d-jolt after another, anyway, on your stage

heroes and heroines. Remember the long-drawn-out ecstasy of the South Orange and East Norwalk Sunday school teachers over Madonna-like little Mary Pickford! And then to get the bad news on Mary. Oh, it's awful.

\* \* \*

And about the time this issue appears, another chorine will be bumping out her "losses" in a nasty old Municipal court. Patsie de Forrest, if you please, who is said to have been pried loose from \$10,000 in the past few months sitting in at "friendly" games. Seems Patsie gave a "tired" check to one, John Vaughn, a Chicago business man, and Johnny decided to sue for it, claiming the check was not a gambling debt, but in return for good, cold cash loaned to coryphee. We'll say it's about time a lot of light was let in on the "friendly game" stuff, which is usually only an operation for the soaking of suckers.

\* \* \*

#### **WORTZMAN-MALLARD OPENING**

On the 25th of March was held the grand "opening" of the new Gown Studio of WORTZMAN & MALLARD, at 25 West 57. The new Gown Studio occupies the entire top floor of the building, and its sumptuous decoration, entailing an expense of thousands of dollars, proved a real thrill for the fashion and beauty that crowded in on the opening day. Among the noted models that displayed the WORTZMAN-MALLARD gowns and wraps were Miles, Hallor and Sinclair of the Ziegfeld Roof. Each demonstration brought forth murmurs of admiration from the guests; and the supremacy of the WORTZMAN-MALLARD creations unanimously voted....We understand that WORTZMAN, Inc. who occupy the entire third floor will also entirely redecorate their quarters, for the greater comfort and enjoyment of the thousands of professionals who insist that a "WORTZMAN" suit is the only one that can be recognized a block away for its imitable lines and smartness.

\* \* \*

#### **ALL ABOARD FOR McCARTHY'S INN!**

That was a regular party that Johnny McCarthy, of McCarthy's Inn, at Port Chester, recently gave to Miss Maude Atwood.

When doing anything in the banqueting line, Johnny always picks out a real doll, and then does the thing right, with heaps of wonderful things to eat, wonderful jazz and all the rest. (*Kansas papers please copy.*)



You will agree with us, it is superfluous to state that this is Mgr. George Lamaze of *Cafe de Paris*. In a Presidential contest we'd be willing to play Georgie straight and across the board.

The opening of the new season is bringing its usual procession of motor cars to the doors of the Inn, and Johnny looks forward to the biggest summer in its history for the most homelike, beautiful and popular of suburban dining-places.

\* \* \*

#### **APRIL AND MAY**

May Leavitt's many admirers are glad to see her again, after her severe illness, in the coat-checking dept. of Folies Bergere. May, who was so long at Little Club, still owns "the smile that wins ya."

\* \* \*

We hear that the Aristocrat Restaurant, 120 West 72, contemplates fitting up the second floor for a late dining place, fitted with a fine orchestra. The business of this favorite up-town resort has increased remarkably.

\* \* \*

#### **ALL THEY DO IS BEAT IT**

*Cutie:* I want you to understand' I've got the handsomest guys that "ever walked on Broadway."

*Tootie:* Sure; I never thought any of your ginks could afford a taxi.



## MME. POLLY, THE FAMOUS

*A section of the interior of MME. POLLY'S internationally known Hairdressing Parlors, at 216 West 42. You can see she is well equipped to serve her vast professional trade. MME. POLLY has not raised her prices in 30 years. Her slogan is: "Don't call up; walk up!"*

---

(Q) What is funnier than a Loew "tour"? (A) Two Loew "tours."

"Joe" writes: "Where do you get that 'old man' stuff? I am only slightly over seventy—and very slightly at that. But—ask Lilly, she knows!"

Harry Hornik just blew in from one of the big picture studios saturated with sweat to ask the Editor if he could suggest some plan to make the Cooper-Hewitts non-radiating. Ye Ed replied, quick as a flash, he wished he could make the job of editing BREVITIES non-radiating.

It isn't often the public prints carry news that brings a gasp of relief and delight. But the other day we read that Grace La Rue and Hale Hamilton will soon leave for Europe.

What's the "big laugh" on Phoebe Lee's reported marriage to the Pittsburgh millionaire? It looks more incredible than ever with Phoebe holding up one end of the scenery in a midnight revue.

Who is it everyone thinks is a most charming and clever girl. Answer, all together: Peggy La Bree!

# WORTZMAN & MALLARD

25 WEST 57      GOWN STUDIO      25 WEST 57

**O**UR kindest appreciation to the Misses Dorothy Jardon, Jessica Brown, Kathryn Johnson, Kitty and Rose Doner and other noted professionals—and to all other patrons and friends who graced our "opening" on March 25th. Our beautiful new "Gown Studio," with its unsurpassed creations, is now the favorite shopping-place of New York's modish women.



We have just outfitted the Kitty Doner act with 4 costumes of special design, each a different model, originated by Marie Mallard; worn by Miss Rose Doner in her brilliant performance.

---

# WORTZMAN & MALLARD

25 WEST 57      GOWN STUDIO      25 WEST 57

TELEPHONE PLAZA 5707

## GREENWICH VILLAGE & INN

Famous restaurant of the Village

Barney Gallant, Manager

## SHERIDAN SQUARE

Opposite Greenwich Village Theatre

### GILMAN, 1634 BROADWAY

have, we learn, made an addition to their specialities in Gowns and Millinery. They have added a line of exquisite Lingerie that will tempt all the fair ones who see it. This Shop has long been noted for the artistry of its Hat creations, to convince you of which a look into their windows will suffice, Gilman's being the millinery headquarters for most of the Broadway professionals. Their location in the Winter Garden Bldg. makes the place of delightful convenience for shopping.

\* \* \*

### EDNA WHEATON IS A LITTLE GAL

that's going to be elected to a full paid-up membership in the Pest Club if she doesn't watch out! This is the lil lady that the *News* discovered (?) in its Beauty Contest, who is now stumbling round among the gelatine in the Paramount studios. Having, incidentally, about the same delightful feelings towards the "art" and profession of the movies as we have toward hoofing, that is to say, being bored stiff by both, we naturally experience a severe bilious seizure when we read columnful after columnful about Edna's doings as an embryo picture star. Edna is of course all a-flutter; as nervous as a young colt in a pasture. List to her enthralling report of her sensations when she first romped into focus: "I was very much frightened, confused by the excitement, the pressure of work and the way everyone rushed around and shouted orders. I even found hard to get my make-up just right and to do my hair in the classic mode; everything was so exciting. The first time they called lights and I found myself standing in a glare of intense brightness my heart began to jump and my

knees knocked together. I was told when to smile and bow and sit down." Add to this sickening drool the seraphic account of someone called Barthelmess who has the kittenish Edna in charge: "She is doing excellently. Her resemblance to Olive Thomas is remarkable. Miss Wheaton has a future in the pictures." List again to camera-man Miller: "She's about the best beginner I've ever seen and she certainly has the face for the pictures." . . . Paper, ink and printing are still at a ruinously high cost. Edna, or someone else, certainly has a lot to answer for.

\* \* \*

The rigorous scrutiny exercised by the New York Stock Exchange is illustrated by the recent suspension for one year of Einstein, Ward & Co., of 25 Broad. This is the firm, by the way, through which Dave Herzog Lamar is said to do his trading. Dave recently sidestepped a vacation in Atlanta by an appeal of his case to the United States Supreme Court.

\* \* \*

**LOST!** One good man, Doc Frank W. Werner, once a light of the Great Rye Way. **REASON:** Got married. For further information see Brooklyn *Eagle*.

### "Yes, Sir!"

## ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND

*won't let your feet behave*

at

## FOLIES BERGERE

50th and Broadway

**LISTENING IN ON BROADWAY**

"That gink is so mean he'd steal lysol from a blind chorus girl"

"They offered me a thousand dollars for two days' work, and I told them to go to hell"

"I'll take you up, if you want, Gus, but remember, I'm a good girl"

"If that guy went to a funeral he'd be pinched for being dead."

"If I do live on the Heights—what's that your damn business?"

"She's one of those late-staying typewriters—I got her numbah"

"I'll clink somethin' on yer bean, Joe, if you pull that stuff again!"

**"PHYSICAL CULTURE"—THE ADVERTISING MADHOUSE**

To get a line on the most advanced arts of extracting money from boobs by mail, read up on your lil old "Physical Culture" magazine. You might think the "Nautilus" was pretty good, but Bernarr Macfadden's monthly has it licked ten ways from the jack. While you're getting ready to go out and get a copy off the stand (no advt.) we'll regale you with a few samples, with comment:

**"MY WAY OF TEACHING PIANO WAS LAUGHED AT IN 1891."**—Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory of Music.

Yes, and we'll bet it's being laughed at in 1921, for Old Doc Quinn *guarantees*, BY MAIL, to teach you "in four lessons to play an interesting piece not only in the original key but other keys as well." Oh, you P. O. Inspectors! !

**"GET THIN TO MUSIC!"**—Wallace of Chicago.

By buying and playing Wallie's instruction records you can be "speedily reduced to normal proportions." Evidently the "kick" comes in the sale of records—whether you'll get reduced in your hips or your bank balance is another matter, something Wallie probably isn't worrying over. All this patent bunk when the greatest medical experts regard thinning treatments as the most baffling and dangerous that can confront a medical man.

**"BOX LIKE A CHAMPION!"**—Marshall Stillman Ass'n.

You are taught BY MAIL the Benny Leonard Triple Blow, the Jack Dempsey Triple, the Fitzsimmons Shift, the Stanley Ketchel Two-Four Blow, the Mike Donovan Leverage Guard. Nothing is said about the Cat-Step or the Australian Twist. Nor is anything postulated concerning the condition of your heart, your spine, your kidneys, your height or weight, your age or any other vital factors concerned in transforming you into a modern John L. Very careless of Marse Stillman—but such details as a weak heart are negligible so long as he needs the \$5.00 for the "Course."

**"MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPLAYS AND DON'T KNOW IT!"**—Author's Press, Auburn, N. Y.

Yes, and Millions of People can't write them and DON'T know it—as the scenario dept. of any movie concern will sorrowfully testify. It was recently stated by one of the most noted authorities on photo-play writing that out of the scenarios accepted by the moving-picture

concerns, 98 per cent. were from well-known writers, usually attached to the staffs of the companies. From this, it can easily be figured out what is going to hit the suckers who dump their hopeless money in the coffers of the Author's Press. Oh, you P. O. Dept. !!

"ARE YOU DIGGING YOUR GRAVE WITH YOUR KNIFE AND FORK?"—Truth Publishing Co., 1400 Broadway.

Right in our own building, too! Hurrah! Yes, we know lots of people whose table performances with knife and fork will one fine day dig a comfy grave for them. But it will occur through laceration. The old Truth concern sells you "The Science of Eating" by Alfie McCann at three bucks a throw. No physical obstruction in the line of leaking valves, hardened arteries, tubercular tendencies, stone in the kidney or trifles of that sort need worry you a bit—it doesn't worry the old Truth concern—just get their book on eating, and you're a well man. Still, there's a "new one" born every second.

But we know you must be wearied of this Niagara of Bunk. So we will conclude by calling your attention to an editorial and an article in the same issue of "Physical Torture," the latter entitled, "I Cured Syphilis by Fasting and Milk Diet." In the editorial Doc. Macfadden calls it a "simple, absolutely unfailing method of curing this deadly disease." We must say that insane and brazen quackery has seldom gone to such lengths as this. And that if the N. Y. laws provide jail penalties for non-vaccination we can suggest nothing short of instant execution for this heinous propaganda.

B. F. Keith's

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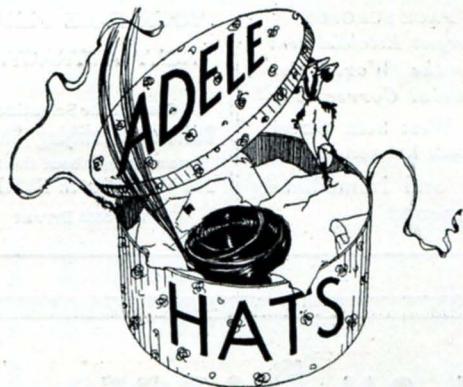
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